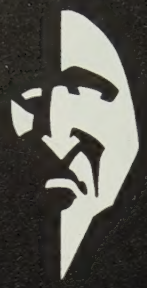
LAST GASP

INTRODUCTION BY LYDIA LUNCH

VISUAL ADDICTION

THE ART OF ROBT. WILLIAMS



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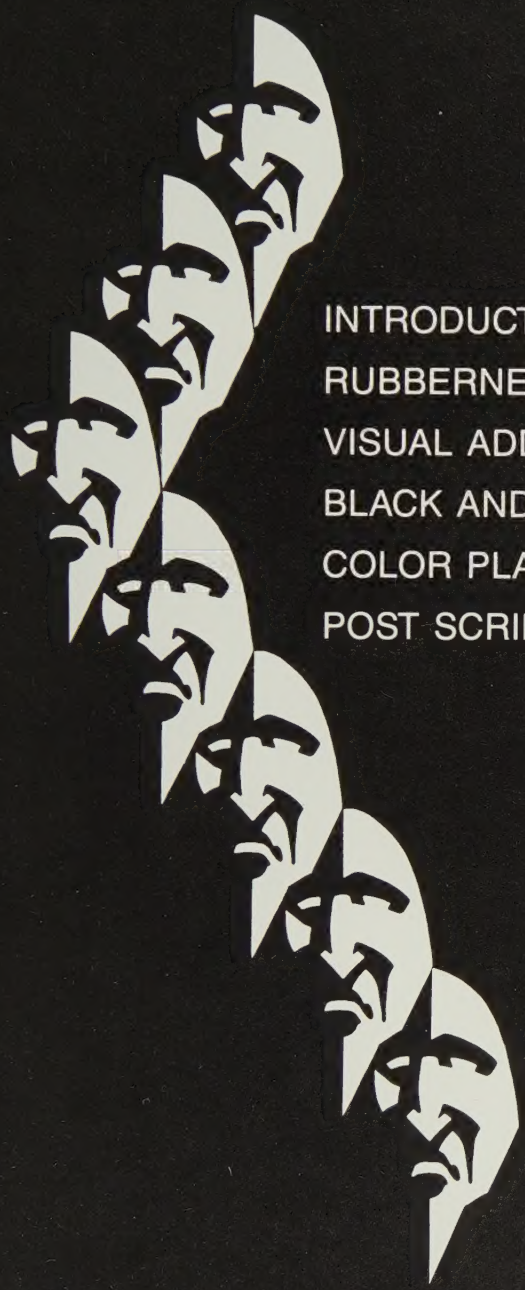
VISUAL ADDICTION
The Art Of Robert Williams



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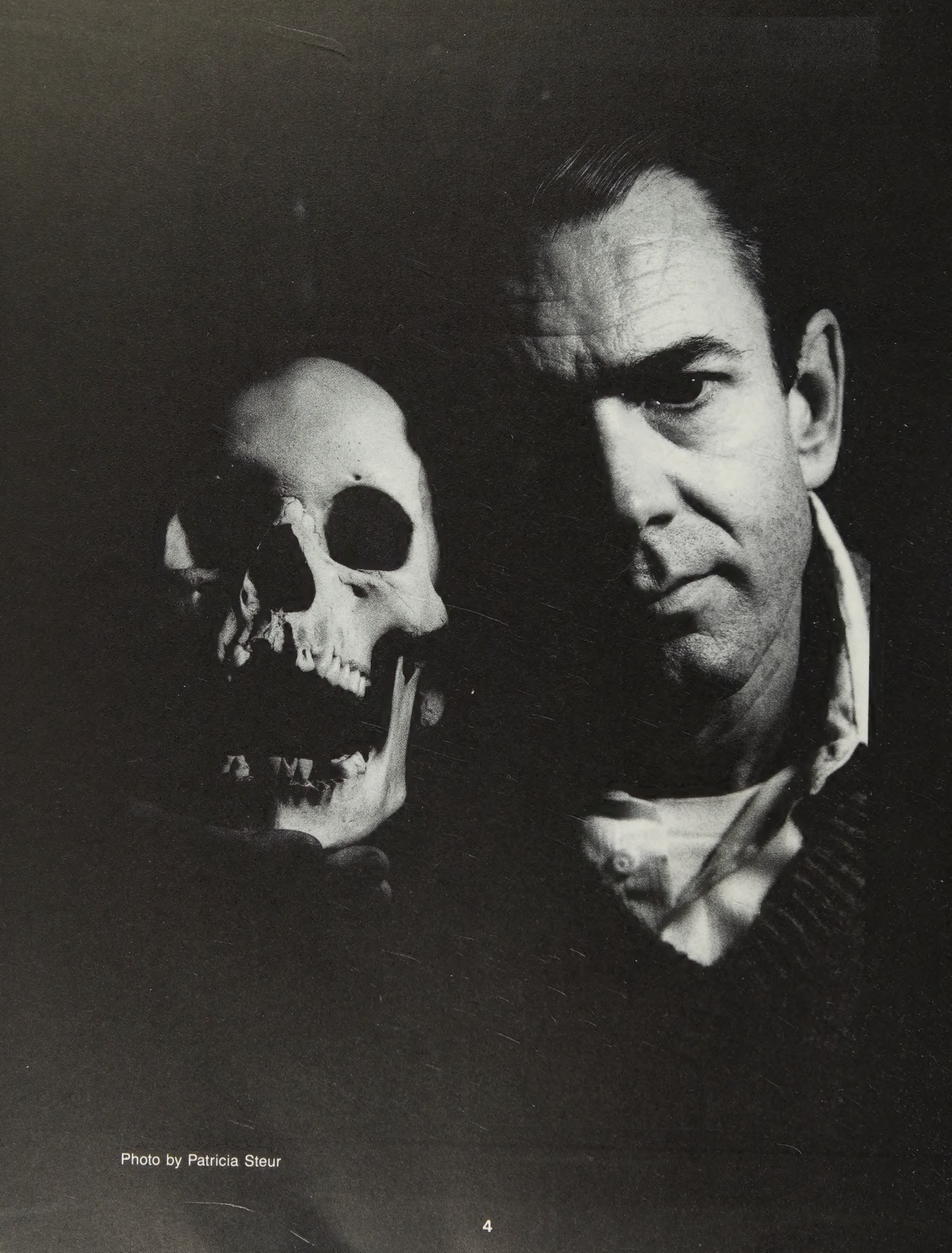


Photo by Patricia Steur

INTRODUCTION BY LYDIA LUNCH

Dali's DEAD. So's DEMOCRACY. Suffering under the rule book burning, bible thumping sexual neurotics, we need ROBERT WILLIAMS in the 1990's like a salve to the sore. One of the few men with big enough balls to spit in the censor's eye, lubricating and fertilizing the salvation so desperately needed in these times of government enforced drought, where the individual is ignored or eliminated in favor of a mass consensus constructed to serve the few. Those, who have amassed enough cash to buy or bully their way into a falsified state of financial freedom. Funny,.. I thought that freedom and liberty meant having the right to CHOOSE, but what's left of choice if they've already censored everything before you can even decide whether or not to indulge or buy... What ever happened to the INDIVIDUAL'S INHERENT RIGHT TO ASSIMILATE INFORMATION IN ORDER TO ARRIVE AT THEIR OWN CONCLUSIONS.. That's what kills me about all this bogus feminist misinformation.. THEY, LIKE ALL MEN WHO HAVE COME BEFORE THEM DON'T WANT REAL LIBERATION.. JUST ANOTHER FORM OF CENSORSHIP. MORE RULES, MORE REGULATIONS. MORE BULLSHIT. A STIFLING AND ASPHYXIATING CLIMATE OF CONFUSION AND DOUBLESPEAK. HYPOCRACY.

Photo by Annie Sprinkle

THE TIME IS NOW! And Robert Williams stubbornly plays the AntiChrist to all Holy Mary's... Questioning every taboo known to mortal imagination, he conjurs up reflections into the bottomless shitpit of human anxiety, where analyzed down to the most minute detail and refracted back into megaproportion, we are forced to question our own preconceptions/fascination with frustration, obsession, terror, bloodlust and death. Piledriving the cranium into a frankensteinian free for all, the rodeo mind races forward trying desperately to decipher the hidden messages and decode the secrets of these psychointuitive hypercarnalities.

Straddling the outer limits somewhere between brilliant irony, sheer vulgarity and complete insanity...these paintings overstimulate the libido which in turn rages under the cataclysmic motherload of sensory contradictions. Redefining the NATURAL SUPERIORITY OF WOMEN, whose mere existence catapults our hero, the artist, into spasmodic and glorious confusions where these lingering preoccupations force us to UNDERSTAND that the PRICE TAG OF A MOMENTARY PERFECTION IS ALWAYS COMPLETE AND IMMINENT RUINATION.

It is to this end that I applaud this presentation. VISUAL ADDICTION splurges into a dangerous and multi-metaphorical sexual nervosa, FREE FROM ALL SOCIAL, MORAL AND INTELLECTUAL INHIBITIONS/OBLIGATIONS. It is only when the individual completely divorces themself from the rigors and regulations meant as psychological restrictions that true "ART" can be born. And with that in mind I urge you to indulge completely and enjoy thoroughly this masterpiece..

Lydia Lunch
February 14, 1989

RUBBERNECK MANIFESTO

What is the worth of observation? Beyond the practical use of the eye for functioning successfully in everyday life what are these values of simply seeing interesting things and enshrining them as art?

Nietzsche saw art as man's struggle against negative social forces by use of the imagination, which he considered a product of pure ego. Art for him was the highest form of clear lucid thought, a tool for the good. Schopenhauer envisioned art as a device of pleasure. Tolstoy viewed art as propaganda and Oscar Wilde held to a doctrine of "art makes life," meaning art is sometimes more real then reality.

But there exists another facet and here is where I state my dictum, this is the act of simply being attracted to something visually, base curiosity! The purest form of art is to give way to simple visual interest. To look at what you find yourself driven to see. Higher notions of art tend to confine art with lofty moral restrictions. When art is passed off as a quasi-religion which can only be administered and interpreted by a special-order of priestly elites, the system invariably stifles imagination -- even when the art is as liberal as blobs, slashes and spatters. Art that has to serve as the instrument of artistic revolution is limited by having to react to a greater force in a continual hope of some overthrow, hence becoming the tool of reaction. Even the great revolt is enslaving.

But when all predetermined prejudices are momentarily set aside and you are one of the many at the scene of the horrible accident your libido will do the looking. Something dead in the street commands more measured units of visual investigation than 100 Mona Lisas! It isn't what you like, it's what the fuck you want to see! Art is not the slave of decoration. Hail the voyeur, the only honest connoisseur!!!

Robert Williams
1.10.89

VISUAL ADDICTION

By Robt. Wms.

"The eye tastes many flavors, some of which aren't always vanilla"

It is alleged, that Lady Godiva accepted a challenge from her husband (and other parties) regarding the lowering of excessive public taxes. Her dare was to ride through town on a white horse totally nude, and humiliate herself. If she would do this the taxes of Coventry would be lowered. She supposedly stated that the townspeople would appreciate her personal sacrifice and not look upon her unveiled form. But, while she rode through the streets, one man dared to gaze at her; he was a tailor who became known as "Peeping Tom." After laying eyes on her he reportedly went blind. Of course, today most of us would share the fate of the tailor. But this testimony of moral valor gives us another message—one of the most prized and inexpensive pleasures we can have is to simply steal a peek.

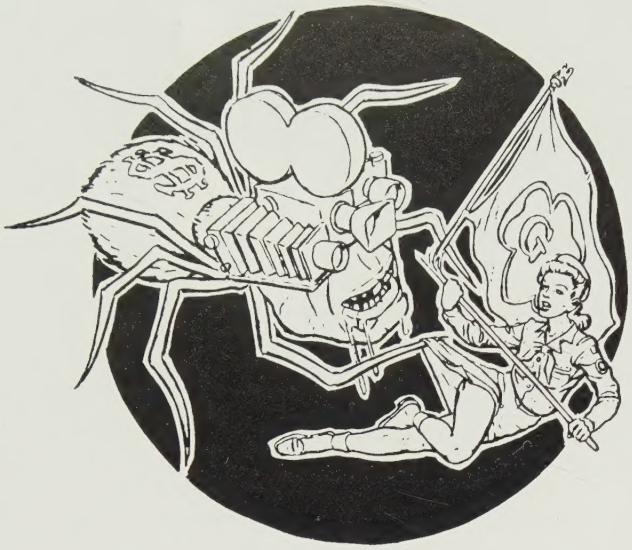
A compulsion to gawk: The irresistible urge to look at a thing, a person, a texture, and especially an action taking place; the mental exercise of observing—the gush of instant mental input; these are the sensations that owe nothing to logic. When you want to see something, you want to see something. Once you have looked you can always give some accountable reason for your interest: this scrutiny is an aid in your work—it's prudent to your health, your future, your love interest; or if it is ridiculous, then you can classify this curiosity as "art." Nobody can satisfactorily attack this defense. Art, like God, is all pervasive.

But can you control visual investigation? An example: "Oh my God, that poor man burned to a crisp in that airplane crash"—you can't look—"Oh Christ, maybe it is a poor woman?" "Oh God, look at that twisted form—what agony." "Geezzz, poor passenger, or maybe crew member? Pilot?" "What part of the plane is this poor soul in? The cockpit?" Always just one more glance. Your experience couldn't be more fulfilled if you climbed into the wreckage and gave the fried cadaver a big french kiss. You've vicariously enjoyed every sensation with the deceased.

The doctrine of retinal supremacy: "Blood isn't red by chance!" This is the cold analytical evaluation of the senses (hearing, smell, taste, touch and vision) with sight as the domineering instrument of input. And, of course, this is taken even further than just sensory receivership—with the eye considered the most important sensory organ, the tendency to indulge it more exclusively is only natural. The result is that nature has adjusted to the dictatorial power of vision. The evidence is all around us—the evolution of brightly colored flowers and birds, both fauna and flora. The sexual attraction of creatures, especially human, is predominated by observed appearance and actions. Evolution is greatly dictated by selective breeding based on appearance. The future will be what the strongest group wants to see, and this is to some of us not always what we would call "pretty."

Imagination: The accomplice of the eyeball. It's curiosity that is the engine that drives the eye. Without the imagination to wonder, we would do little more than squat in bogs, like toads, waiting around for food to slink within tongue's reach. What you see is only a third of what you imagine seeing. The more veiled and obscure the object you wish to see, the more of it you imagine being there. The tip of the ubiquitous iceberg is in reality hollow and floating on the waves with nothing below. Mystery is the eyeball's food and it will eat a trillion-fold its weight a day! Try this test. Tell your friends (in confidence) that all women have a larger inner labium on the left than on the right and that this larger section of flesh is the choice for those who pierce their genitalia and install a ring. The person you addressed this remark to may scoff but time will pass and the torment of curiosity will dominate. Sooner or later your subject will proudly rebut your claim, be the investigator male or female.

The eye and imagination work hand in hand. The brain guides the eye on its search while the eye feeds back new information for the brain to question. This is not just rational investigation. Most of the human eye's interests are shameful if described in public. The eye's first target is always the abnormal. It's this contrast from the normal that makes the abnormal stand out. Thus the eye of the pious clergyman is always on the lurk for the perverse and deformed. It's generally the prim and proper girl-child who screams the loudest at the sight of a slug. To many people the obvious workings of the imagination are distasteful and lead to "unclean thought." And I guess this would be true if you consider that the human mind does conceive and understand the workings of the digestive tract and the matter of reproduction. This is the realm where the imagination becomes very painful to sensitive people. It is difficult to rationalize that one-half of the population is continually trying to inject fluid into the rear ends of the other half of the population just to keep the species alive. It's also very horrifying for idealistic souls to realize that five-eighths of the mass ingested must leave the other end of the body as unpleasant waste material. It's not hard to believe that a number of popes have let it be known, that because of their proximity to God they



simply did not defecate. You can take this line of thought to its most abstract form and envision yourself at the door of the grocery store looking in and realizing that in two weeks everything you see will be converted to shit. For many people the imagination isn't an asset—it's an affliction.

The vision abuser: Vision is to morality what simple carpentry ended up being to Jesus. When the eyes are set free and allowed to run wild the canons of so-called good taste are overridden by brute inquiry. The Peeping Toms are given the keys to the observatory.

Visual addiction is optical dependency on viewed stimuli that is sometimes deemed not suitable for good moral conduct. Chronic visual attraction has little to do with beauty. Beauty is thought by many to be the key ingredient for the pleasures of sight. For hundreds of years, leading figures in culture believed beauty could be mathematically defined and formed into a manageable system. One of these hypotheses is the famous "golden square" (which was actually a fat rectangle). Artists of the Renaissance seriously believed that the use of this secret formula would insure beautiful artwork. Another beauty secret of art is the old Egyptian and Greek triangle for the use in strong based composition. This formula is supposed to even give a pile of dog-shit the visual dignity of the mighty pyramids at Geza.

Now Modern Art has taught us "ugly and rough" elements are visually pleasing as well. It's only recently been recognized that some people are subject to habit forming visual stimuli. Moralists are the most obvious to cry these dangers, citing pornography as the heroin of visual indulgence. Believe me, good Christians and Moslems, what human curiosity really wants to see would make sex, murder and defecation look innocent. The voracious appetite of the human mind for the visually interesting is not fully understood—because many of the entrees are still waiting to be cooked-up. That is to say, when it comes to sights for sore eyes the real thorns are yet to be imagined. The first artist to really play on the weaknesses of the vision abuser was Hieronymus Bosch. Here is a man whose poison found its way into every court in Europe. This was 500 years ago. Following this example, succeeding artists have used anomaly over beauty as a device to enchant visually oriented onlookers. With Surrealism, estheticians have come closest to organizing a formula for exploiting those who are visually demanding.

Since we're discussing sight as a sickness let's take up the matter of voyeurism. Probably, of all the so-called social crimes, the voyeur is the most unrepentent. The reason for this is that his indulgence is never totally fulfilled and so he does not feel guilty. The want of sex isn't a crime—it's a plague. The voyeur is the saddest of the visually possessed because his/her pleasure is vicarious: that is to say, trying to enjoy some action by watching others fulfill themselves. But, concerning real visual addiction, the principal imagery is so fantastic that the vision junky has no hopes of trying to physically relate—there is no hope of physical satisfaction. How many necrophiliacs will it take, dating the same cadaver, before someone becomes jealous. The question isn't who wins the affection from the corpse but who gets to spend the most time indulging themselves with it. Like the cadaver, the vision is always inanimate, except in the head of the participant.

Undefinable emotional experiences: This is where my explanation of visual addicition becomes vague, but I think what I'm trying to explain is prudent. One phenomenon that I have long noticed is the response to visual textures. Here's an intimate example: While urinating in a public urinal I've noticed that the time it takes to pee from the time I release my bladder varies greatly and is in direct relation to the texture of the wall in front of me. If the wall is cold white tiles I'm greatly delayed, but if the wall has peeling paint, cracks and cobwebs my eye investigates these surfaces and my urine quickly flows. My next logical experiment was to mentally transplant a rough texture over a smooth one if I was caught in a sterile rest room. This worked extremely well. I imagined cracks and dirt above the urinal and I was in business. The number of people around me had no bearing on this. And then one day I found myself trying to pee in a urinal that had a small window in front of me. I could only look into the deep sky and view distant cloud formations on the horizon. This stopped me cold. There was no way I could pee looking into this moody skyscape until I closed my eyes and envisioned cracked plaster. This characteristic may vary from person to person but must mean something. The other emotional tool besides texture is subject matter. I'm not talking about trained input like "guns and knives mean violence." I mean something like a shape that is twisted and convoluted will invite nervous investigation, while objects that are squared off and redundant are soothing but stifle interest. Clean simple forms do appeal to people with limited attention spans.

While talking about visually emotional reactions, I must bring up one of the oldest examples: eye-to-eye contact. The word here is fascination and means visually throwing a spell. Witchcraft trials have been decided from testimony about eye contact. Being seen is one of the oldest primeval danger signals we have. To be seen by something means you might be eaten by something. Of course, eye contact is a language in itself. Do you ever feel, as you walk down the street, and you pass an idiot and find yourself avoiding eye contact, that if you look into his face he'll drain some of your intelligence for himself and he'll leave you with his mentality?

My intentions: I have, while painting the paintings in this book, consciously exploited the weaknesses and interest of my fellow man with symbols, images and composition that will demand the attention of those who unwittingly look. What I'm doing is yelling "no fire!" in a crowded theatre. You will look deeply into my art to confirm your suspicions that will reveal myself; but like touching the "tar-baby," you're stuck. What you see is only yourself trying to figure out why this has been painted for you. Your reaction is only important if the picture holds your "attention," not your "sympathy." I'm stealing your conscious attention. I'm setting a trap for your weakness to investigate. I don't care what you eventually find and I could not care less about decorating your fuckin' house!

I'm a liberal, compassionate person, but I'm not the art world's friend. I'm not trying to win favor. If I was I'd paint slop like rainbows and unicorns, clowns and puppies, that kind of crap. Why should I placate you for approval when I can forcefeed you, with you holding the funnel! Yeah, I'm passing this shit off as art! People think they are so intuned and sensitive to the things around them that it's hard for them to believe someone would try to gain just reaction and not approval. I hold no grudge against my viewers, but it's been proven that the general public will find the greatest satisfaction from that which is the least thought-provoking.

When it comes to man's true nature as an intelligent visual investigator, there's little difference between an art movement and a bowel movement.

ENIGMA EMBLEMATA

NUMBER 1

The Monitor-Headed Jet Pimp And An Irate Sugardaddy Split Hairs Over A Hot Commodity

Museum Catalog Title: The Gentleman Of Great Social Conscience Is Tormented By The Market Value Of Love

Colloquial Title: The Garnisheed Heart

NUMBER 2

The Nonchalant Amazon Syndrome

Museum Catalog Title: The Pre-Hellenistic Dame-Commander Guides Her Fatal Arrow By The Sound Of Breathing From A Psycho-Invertebrate

Colloquial Title: The Snotty Goddess And The Ape-Topus

NUMBER 3

The Riddle Of Delphi

Museum Catalog Title: An Hermaphrodite Oracle Violates The Privacy Of A Patrician Entrepreneur Who Is Squeezing Cheese Out Of Louise

Colloquial Title: Blazing Berets

NUMBER 4

A Flotsam And Jetsam Kinda' Gal

Museum Catalog Title: Under The Gauntlet Of The Tyrant Gender Goes But By The Grace Of God One's Own Mother

Colloquial Title: The Liquid Curtsy

NUMBER 5

Intoxicated With Shame

Museum Catalog Title: In The Imagination Of An Impressionable Child Dame Levity Humiliates Her To The Brink Of Suicide To Gain A Mere Smile From The Forces Of Darkness

Colloquial Title: The Bad Report Card

NUMBER 6

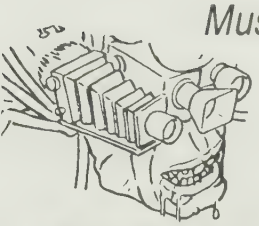
The Day The Big Kahuna Stole Surf City

Museum Catalog Title: The Surf Tiki's Overture To The Abduction Of The Golden State Geo-Madonna

Colloquial Title: Thoroughly Stoked On Pacific Fruitcake

NUMBER 7

The Smut Consortium Talent Scout And The Angel Of Sir Robert Baden-Powell



Museum Catalog Title: Defending That Hallowed Standard For Whom So Many Have Pledged And So Few Have Vindicated

Colloquial Title: The Halitosis-Scented Proposition

NUMBER 8

The Male Weakness For Judging Flavor By Shape

Museum Catalog Title: A Multi-Faced Grand Dilettante Who Thinks He Can Detect Jasmine In Manure Mistakes An Abscess For An Orifice

Colloquial Title: Delilah's Honey Dipper Disco March

NUMBER 9

The Ballad Of The Medusa Derriere

Museum Catalog Title: Innocence Takes A Sabbatical While The Gods Lay Prostrate Before A Shark-Mouthed Tattoo With A Cleft Chin

Colloquial Title: The Keister Beast With The Hairlip Smile

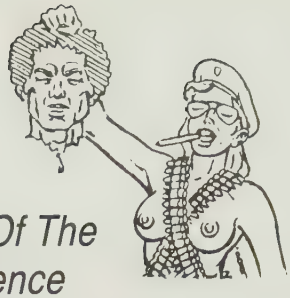
NUMBER 10

Moon Over Smoochville

Museum Catalog Title: In The Grip Of Intense Passion Young Romantics Siphon Hot Saliva Through An Eighteen Foot Human Viscera Snorkel

Colloquial Title: Hearts A-Flutter While Coupling Sausage

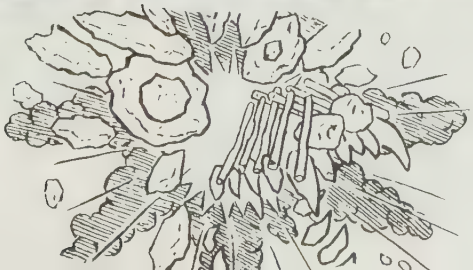
NUMBER 11



The Coup D'Etat Totem

Museum Catalog Title: Dame Vengeance Flaunts The Trophy Of The False Proletarian Prophet Before The Growling Face Of Violence That Howls 'Take Action, For Destiny Is Constipated'

Colloquial Title: The Guerrilla Venus And The Exlax Of Diplomacy



NUMBER 12

The Assassins Of Fashion

Museum Catalog Title: The Gangsters Of Style Innovate Their Own Demise By Dancing The Back-Stabbing Whirl Of Predestined Obsolescence

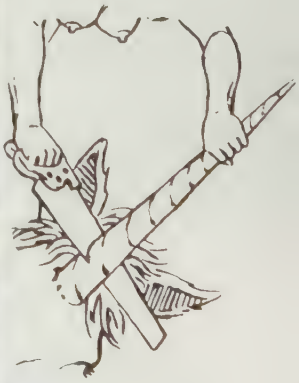
Colloquial Title: The Trend Butchers

NUMBER 13

The Unicorn Poacher

Museum Catalog Title: The Duchess Of Sardonicism Relinquishes Any Claim To A Personal Childhood By Desecrating The Embodiment Of Young Girls' Dreams

Colloquial Title: Souvenir From Utopia



NUMBER 14

"Never Cut Towards Yourself!"

Museum Catalog Title: Of The Procession Of Human Learning Experiences None Is More Remembered Than The Self-Directed Parry With An Instrument Of Cutlery

Colloquial Title: Taiwanese Imitation 'Swiss Army' Knives In The Hands Of Babes

NUMBER 15

Playing House Under The Tears Of The Martyr And The Slobber Of The Peephawks

Museum Catalog Title: The Contrast Between The Intimate Detachment Of Adolescent Fantasy And Cold Pragmatism Of What Can Be Squeezed Out Of A Rock

Colloquial Title: Gawk Strafing

NUMBER 16

The Appearance Of The Emblemata Persona Of The Beat Generation

Museum Catalog Title: In The Normal Course Of Social Trends Sometimes The Action Of Style Is Placed Before Good Moral Judgement

Colloquial Title: The Whispered Soliloquy Of A Beatnik Pimp Accompanied By Bongos

NUMBER 17

The Rorschach Test Butterfly Tattoo That Passes For An Ah-Ooo-Gah Horn-Snouted Siamese Yeti

Museum Catalog Title: A Revolving Sequence Of Image Distortions That Range From An Inkblot Butterfly To A Tandem-Faced Troglodyte

Colloquial Title: The Extravagance Of Notions

NUMBER 18

"Oh Here's Damian Now, I Hope He Didn't Get Box Seats Too Close To The Orchestra Pit?"

Museum Catalog Title: The Duchess Who Has Been Gifted With Odorless Stool Endures The Same Air Dogs Breathe, Chancing An Encounter With An Upwardly Mobile Brown-Shoed Messenger Of Love

Colloquial Title: Posing Bitch With Chump

NUMBER 19

The Flotsam Dilettante And The Little Visitation That Only A Derelict Could Understand

Museum Catalog Title: An Enebriate Deliriously Envisions A Prostitute Freeing Him From John Barleycorn's Alcoholic Grip While Mistaking Overturned Garbage For A Bed Of Eiderdown

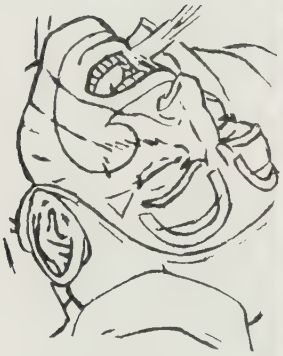
Colloquial Title: Dreams Of A Scuzzy Hussy Bringing A Bum His Five-Fingered Wife

NUMBER 20

Two-Fisted Buffoons

Museum Catalog Title: An Allegory Of Contradictions Revealing Serendipity Purveyors Of Mirth Presenting A Tableau Of Blood And Grease Paint In A Circusian Clash To The Death

Colloquial Title: Dueling Bimbos



NUMBER 21

Quest For Cholesterol

Museum Catalog Title: Transposing The Pleasure Of Dining Over The Basic Desire To Procreate, An Irrational Soul Confuses The Effects Of A Prostate Inflammation For A Gastrological Urge

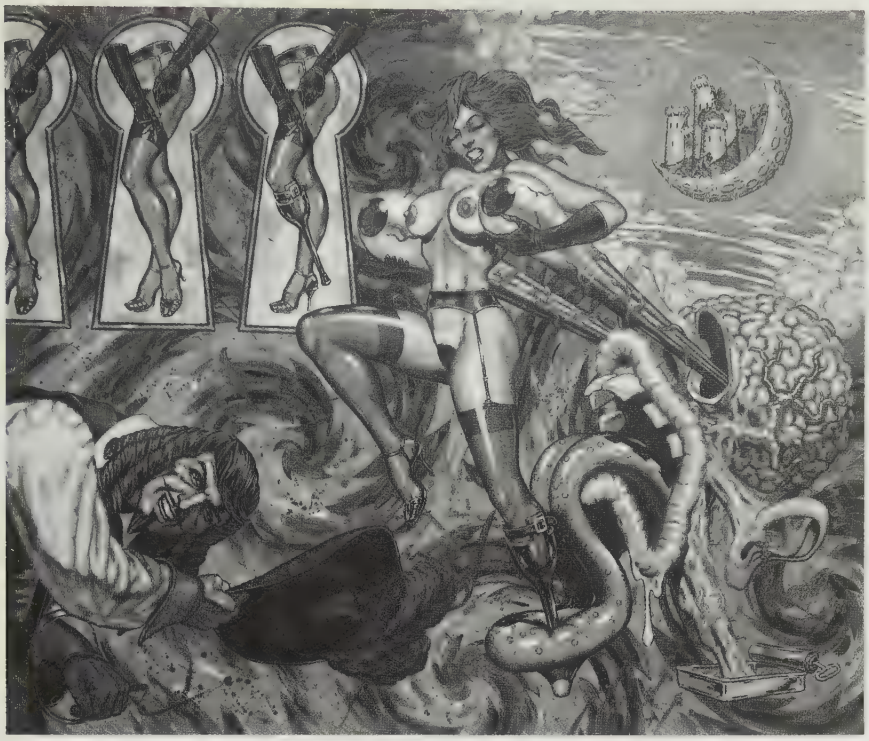
Colloquial Title: Scarffin' For Love

NUMBER 22

Attraction To Anomaly

Museum Catalog Title: That Situation Which Allows A Liability To Become An Asset, Such As Getting Extremely Seasick While Walking On Water But Still Able To Pet The Fish

Colloquial Title: The Hot Gimptress



NUMBER 23

Tiki Totems And The Slaves To Elegance

Museum Catalog Title: So Pensive With Melancholy Is Mylady That Her Aloof Mood Transcends Time And That Appointed Instance When Current Chic Passes Into The Viciously Garish

Colloquial Title: Upper Crusts Under Glass, Hold The Caviar

NUMBER 24

Lil' Lamby Pie And The Philistine Brothelmonger

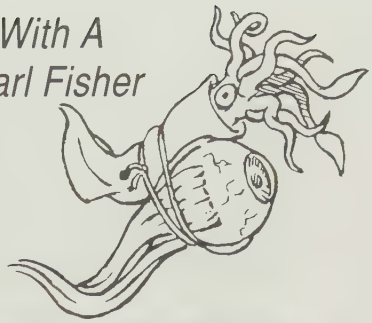
Museum Catalog Title: The Grand Master Of Unfortunately Another Trade Pontificates His Art Appreciation Knowledge To An Egar Novice Who's Experience Factor Is About To Exceed Even That Of Socrates

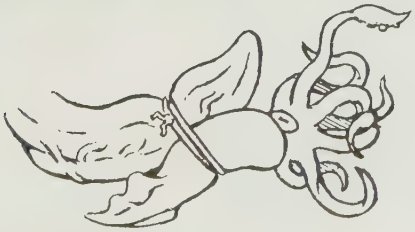
Colloquial Title: The Non-Commissioned Chicken Hawk And His Lollytot Quail

The Face In The Maelstrom

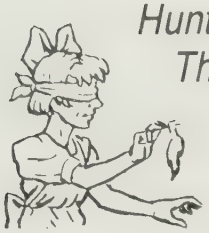
Museum Catalog Title: A Colossus Squid Sensory Head With A Dead Man's Hand Illuminates The Romantic Perils Of A Pearl Fisher

Colloquial Title: Aqua Fondling And The Squid Squat





Innocence Isn't Blind, It's Myopic



Museum Catalog Title: The Psycho-Sexual Pyrotechnic Panty Line Hunter Confuses Flora For Fauna And Mistakes Termites For Crabs, This In Conjunction With The Oratorio Of "Most Virtue Is Either From Ignorance Or By Accident"

Colloquial Title: Pin The Tailly-Kins On The Syphilitic Groat Root Wobbly-Obbler

NUMBER 27
(LARGE
PAINTING)

Pecos Fiona And Her One Woman Range War Against Troglodytal Hipsters

Museum Catalog Title: A Frontier Missy Interprets Bad Beat Generation Poetry For The Bay Of A Stray Dogie On The Prairie And Compounds Her Confusion About Bohemian Cultural Mores By Allowing Herself To Be Physically Associated With Fast Food

Colloquial Title: Beatnik Poontang Rustlers "High Noon" It For Blazing Cheekage

NUMBER 27

A Sand-Lot Hero Dissipating In The Fast Lane

Museum Catalog Title: It's Not Winning That's Important But The Way You Masquerade As An Example Heroica Persona For Young Children Who Would Rather Pass Time Drowning Kittens

Colloquial Title: The Ripe Slugger And The All-Star Snowball

NUMBER 28

I Have Studied The Half Rat On The Street Of Fugitive Angles

Museum Catalog Title: This, The Answers To Questionless Riddles In A Town In A Building Where A Houseguest Has Changed All The Locks

Colloquial Title: Make Your Obsession Palatable, You Might Have To Eat It

NUMBER 29

Carne De Amore (The Meat Of Love)

Museum Catalog Title: How Romantic, The Lure Of An Illicit Liaison With A Pepper-Hot Contessa Garnished With Guacamole And Frijoles In A Smoke-Filled Adobe Honky-Tonk

Colloquial Title: Jalapena Ambush

Poodles And Mausers

Museum Catalog Title: In The Great Panoply Of Human Emotions Few Cardinal Theatrics Rival The Love-Hate Pathos Of Forced Incompatibility 'Feisty Versus Fire Power'

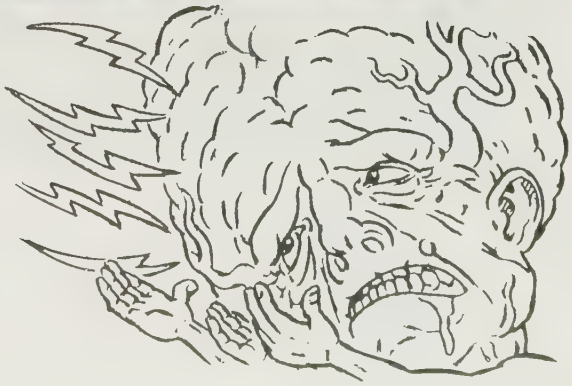
Colloquial Title: Pistol Packin' Poodle Poopin' Projectile Proctology

NUMBER 31

The Brain That Thinks Holes Through Boiler Plate

Museum Catalog Title: The Mental Condition Of Homicidal Adoration Is Experienced By A Patient Who Sees His Doomed Infatuation As 'Two Boats Passing In The Night' And Feels That If There's No Liaison One Will Have To Be Sunk

Colloquial Title: Melt-Down For Love



NUMBER 32

The Arapahue Maiden Who Worshipped A Breaded Weenie But Let Her Mustard Go Brown

Museum Catalog Title: Osceola's Daughter Adds The 'Beef Wellington' Of Hot Dogs To The Gourmet Menu Of Those Who Want To Relive The Smells And Textures Of The Midway While Thinking That Corndogs Are Noble And Are Still Eaten Daily In The Happy Hunting Grounds

Colloquial Title: Pocahontas' Ptomaine Tube-Steak

NUMBER 33

The Six-Eyed Kook As The Very Embodiment Of The Anti-Clown

Museum Catalog Title: Five Variations Of The Head Of A Mad Street Svengali Spontaneously Manifest In The Presence Of A Carnival Stripper In Distress Over A Broken High Heel

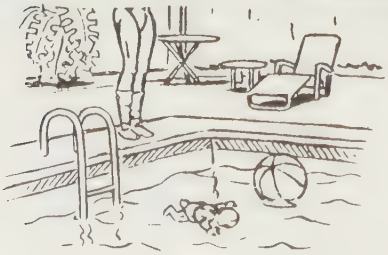
Colloquial Title: Just Another Beatnik Zealot With Half A Dozen Eyes Gagging On A Zippo

NUMBER 34

What's Sewage To The Magistrate Might Be Caviar To The Psychopath

Museum Catalog Title: Two Self-Styled Individualists Argue Over Who Is The Less Susceptible To Conformity As The Very Incarnation Of Dark Humor Salutes Human Tragedy With A Jackass Whinny

Colloquial Title: The 'Too Badskeys' A-Poppin'

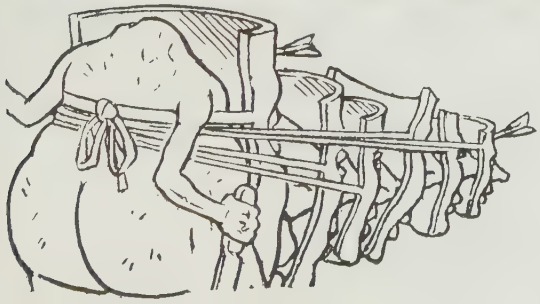


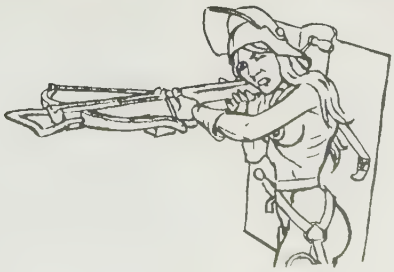
NUMBER 35

My Prince Has Come And He's Wearing Brown Shoes

Museum Catalog Title: The Quintessence Of Femininity In The Costume Of The Archer Of The Guard Defending An Entire Gender Against The Rampant Male Libido

Colloquial Title: The Gothic Cooze And Booby Snatcher





NUMBER 36

The Honky Tonk Museum

Museum Catalog Title: When It's Left To A Business Enterprise To Dispense Culture It's Not Surprising To See The Fruits Of This 'RC Cola And Moon Pie' Renaissance Measured Out In Cold Cash

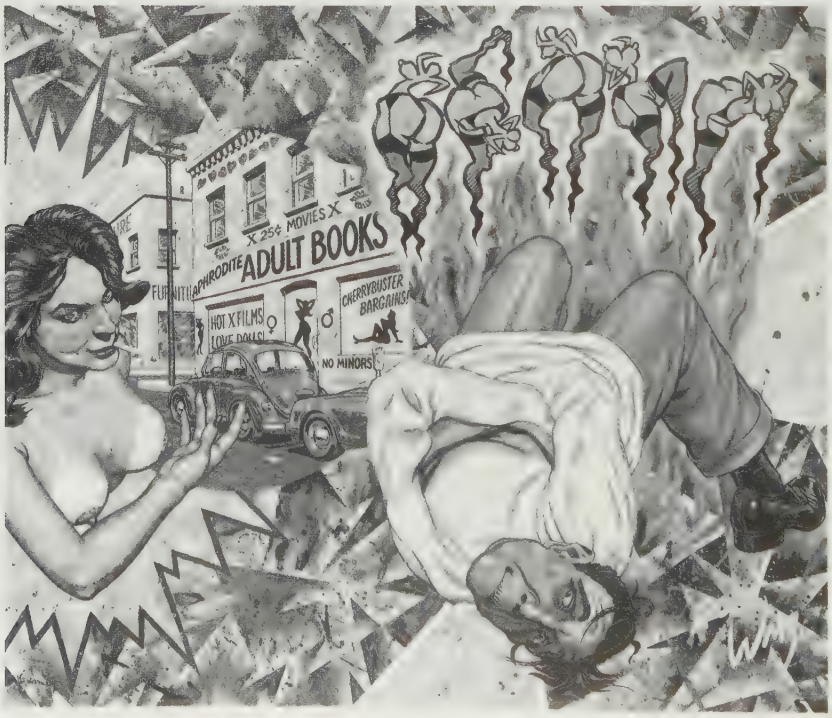
Colloquial Title: Be The Property Of None And Follow The Fun

NUMBER 37

Sanity Bandits At The Sneak-A-Peek Love Boutique

Museum Catalog Title: At The Devil's Role Call Attendance Is Marked With Hairy Palms And At One Time All These Fuzzy Souls With Furry Hands Have Vainly Reached For Bearded Clams

Colloquial Title: "Hair-Pie Monkey On My Back"

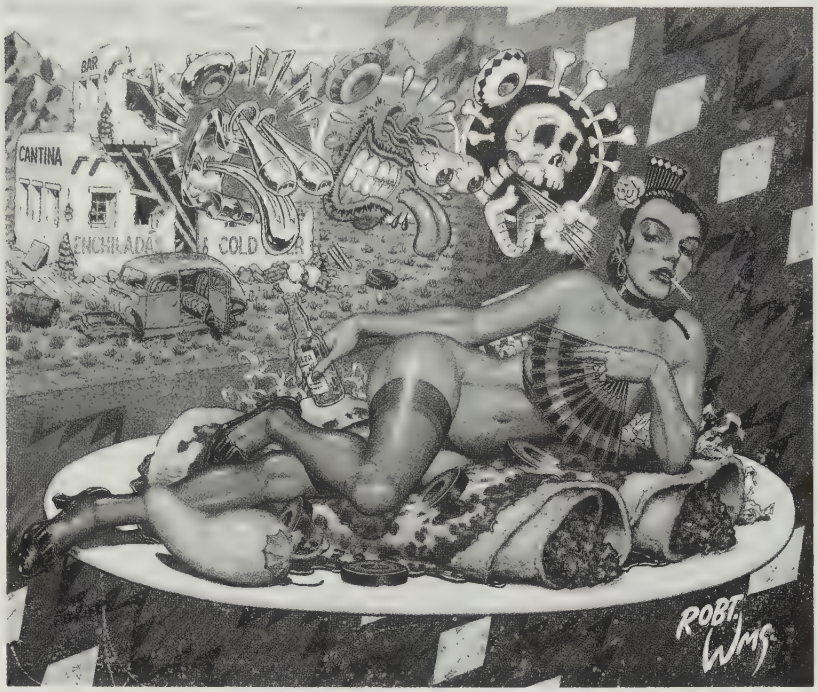


NUMBER 38

Enchiladas De Amora

Museum Catalog Title: Three Aztec-Blooded Cactus-Whacking Caballeros Give Their Cogent Appraisals Of Painfully Hot Pachuco Cuisine But Still Can't Definitively Pinpoint Where Dining Ends And Their Siestas Begin

Colloquial Title: Red Snapper Panocha

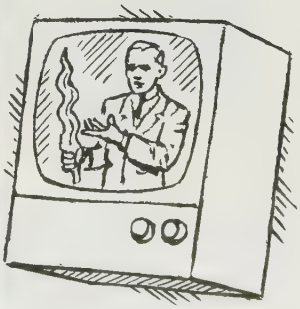


NUMBER 39

Forging The Teeth Of Deception

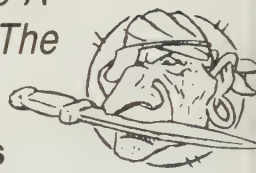
Museum Catalog Title: At The Forge Of Untruths The White-Hot Lie Remains An Unfinished Billet Until The Gullible Believer Allows The Final Blow To Be Struck By Totally Swallowing Unverified Wonders

Colloquial Title: The Truth Is Flexible While Hot But It Soon Becomes Brittle If Tempered In Cold Bullshit

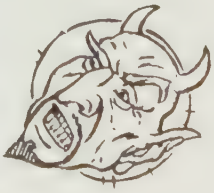


Guns Don't Kill, Bullets Do

Museum Catalog Title: The Gunmoll Widow Of All That's Non-Violent Acts As The Colt .45 Pistol Mascot Riding Into A Social Wind That Whispers "Man Is Always Innocent, It's The Existence Of His Devices That Manifests Evil"



Colloquial Title: Fear Not The Gun, Just The Hole It Makes



NUMBER 41

The Man With The Wooden Nose

Museum Catalog Title: A Trooper In The Spanish-American War Stationed In The Phillippines Experiences The Fury Of The Fanatical Moro Tribesmen By Discharging Six Shots At Point Blank Range Only To Have His Nose Bitten Off

Colloquial Title: Losin' A Snout To A Towel-Headed Tattooed Banana-Harvesting Bush Bandit

NUMBER 42

Stealing Silver But Paid In Chrome

Museum Catalog Title: Not Even In The Darkest Annals Of Criminal History Are There Any Crimes More Heinous Than The Rape And Murder Of Young Women And The Needless Killing Of Domestic Pets Unless It Would Be The Rape And Murder Of Young Women By Domestic Pets

Colloquial Title: Monkey Plundering But Fudge-Packed

NUMBER 43

The Mystic Rabbitmaster

Museum Catalog Title: The Head Magician Of Luxor Institutes His Personal Hex Whammy Into A Young Hare As He Placates Dame Chance And Encourages Her Fickle Blessing To Insure An Orthodox Set Of Lucky Rabbit's Feet

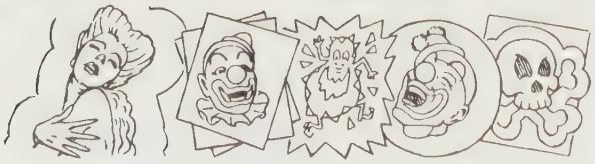
Colloquial Title: Bunny Ghoul Camel Jockey Carrot Trick

NUMBER 44

Bedroom Eyes, Party Gags And Graveyard Demeanor

Museum Catalog Title: Licentiousness And Carnage Coupled With Gratuitous Frivolity Lends New Meaning To The Word 'Zany' As Canned Laughter Accompanies A Scene Of Two Families Wiped Out At Once

Colloquial Title: The World Is My Vaudeville And The Meatwagon My Calliope

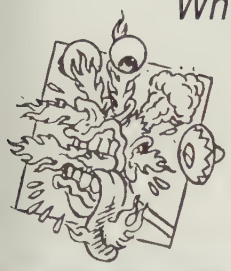


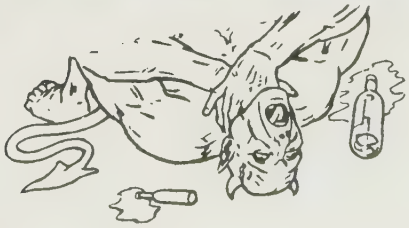
NUMBER 45

Strong Mezcal With Incendiary Chaser

Museum Catalog Title: Two Competing Caballeros Prove A Hot Disposition Superior To A Simple Tolerance To Sulfur Exposure When It Comes To Ingestion Of Vegetable Acids With A Drinking Contest Of Straight Tequila And A Hot Sauce Back

Colloquial Title: Blazing Esophagi





Face Value

Museum Catalog Title: Shallow Superficial Illusions And Stereotype Trappings Motivate The Pollyanna Achiever With The Same Grasp Of Reality That Would Mistake Dogs And Cats As Barnyard Animals And Eat And Milk Them

Colloquial Title: A Proclamation From Dreamland That Would Rate Even Above The Ideal Ingrown Toenail

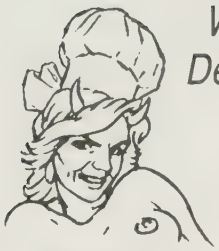
NUMBER 47

Timmy's Last Surprise

Museum Catalog Title: With The Grace Of Ignorance A Pre-Pubescent Human Conductor Can Momentarily Distinguish The Difference Between Voltage And Amperage By Attempting To Ground Out The Mighty Dynamos

Colloquial Title: High Voltage Sphincter-Winking Livewire Laxative

Perineum Tartare



Museum Catalog Title: "All Hope Abandon Ye Who Eat Here" Because On The Picnic Porch At The Gates Of Hell Only Those Who Have Sowed Misery For Profit Can Eat Red Meat With The Devil And Take Up The Accursed Bar-B-Q Apron To Side With Him Whose Steak Is Never Done

Colloquial Title: Hibachi Muff Flambeau

NUMBER 49

Allegations Of Fairy Abuse On Chickenhawk Island

Museum Catalog Title: When Male Pixies Are Played By Gracile Women And An Audience That Would Generally Lynch Transvestites Slobbers Down Their Chins Over Sentimentality That Rivals Infantile Toilet Training J.M. Barrie Will Total His Receipts In One Hand And His Sperm Count In The Other

Colloquial Title: Peterless Pan

NUMBER 50

Siege Of The Masquers

Museum Catalog Title: Like The Rooster And The Mandril It Is In The Name Of Justified Violence That Fashion Finds Its Most Flamboyant Extravagances; In Plumes And Gilt And Silk The Face Of My Adversary Never Looks As Good As Me

Colloquial Title: Black Powder Acne

NUMBER 51

Jezebel On A B.L.T.

Museum Catalog Title: The Bacon-Lettuce-Tomato Sandwich Symbolizes Jerusalem's Destiny As A Theme Park And Is Echoed In Blatant Desecration Of The Scriptures As God-On-High Is Asked To Dismiss Blasphemy For Monkey Business

Colloquial Title: Judeo-Christian G-Spot Junk Food

NUMBER 52

The Decorator General

Museum Catalog Title: So Monumental Are My Inspirations That I Deny Myself Even Elementary Bodily Functions And So Cogent Is My Quest For Beauty And Pastoral Loveliness That I Spend My Last Breath Savoring The Ecstasy Of A Single Shadow-Dappled Buttercup

Colloquial Title: Pretty Is The Word That Means 'Shit Don't Stink'

NUMBER 53

Snuff Fink

Museum Catalog Title: The Exuberance Of Youth Bordering On Self-Destruction Lends Romance To The Notion That Acne Is Never Really Cured, It's Just Thrilled Into Remission

Colloquial Title: Brodyin' On Feces

NUMBER 54

The Chrysalis Of Death

Museum Catalog Title: Diarrhea Awaits Bad Children Who Eat Too Many Store Bought Fried Elfin Muffs And The Moral Being 'Even In The Enchanted Forest Cash Is King'

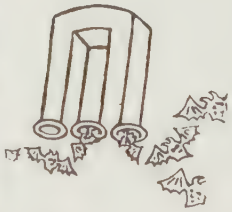
Colloquial Title: Stink On A Spike Fairy Clit Munch-Ems

NUMBER 55

The Op Tattoo

Museum Catalog Title: Through The Use Of Dermagraphics The Evils Of Damnation Are Released Upon All Christiandom By The Devil's Factotum Who Has Either A Low Mentality Or No Mentality

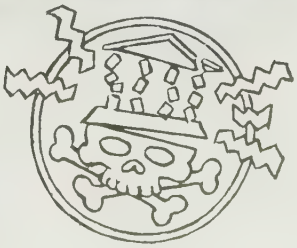
Colloquial Title: Hell In The Hands Of An Anal Retentive



Magnitude X

Museum Catalog Title: At The Epicenter Of Love The Richter Scale Soars As Dame Quake Pegs The Seismograph With Volleys Of Crust Blasting Concussions, All Carefully Placed With The Intention Of Catastrophe As A Fetish

Colloquial Title: A Rim Job For Naughty San Andreas



Patrick Has A Glue Dream

Museum Catalog Title: With The Drone Of Messerschmitts In His Ears The Young Boy Traveled Through His Glue Induced Third Eye, The Sweet Smell Of Model Airplane Cement And Stale Urine Fills The P-38 Cockpit While The Radio Repeats "Bail Out Squadron Leader!"

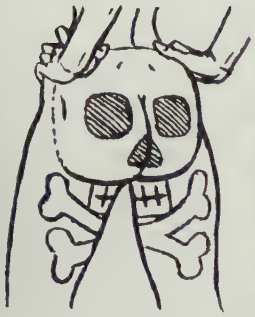
Colloquial Title: The Lil' Ace With Peach Fuzz Testes

NUMBER 58

Empire Hanging By A Stretch Mark

Museum Catalog Title: In The Presence Of Dame Indulgence The Sovereign Of All Glutendom Is Brought To Account For A Lifetime Of Converting Staple Tonage Into A Mountain Of Feces And All The While Predicating "God Helps Those Who Help Themselves...To Another Helping!"

Colloquial Title: Like A Pig Fouling Its Own Sty, A King Will Shit The Throne



NUMBER 59

Ranch Of Disease

Museum Catalog Title: At The Precipice Of The Mighty Arroyo Where Property, Possessions And Flesh Fade With Time, Erosion Dims Reminiscences Of Boudoir Melodramas And Prairie Winds Whisper "If These Old Walls Could Talk, Here Sin Was The First Flash Flood"

Colloquial Title: Tie 'Em, Spank 'Em, Squeal 'Em And Squirrel 'Em

Holistic Extortion

Museum Catalog Title: The She-Mahatma's Prognosticatory Calling Is Augmented With A 41 Cal. Smith & Wesson Which Substantiates The First Mystic Law 'The Fates Favor Aggression' And Through The Crystal Eye Destiny's Course Is Altered

Colloquial Title: No Problem Too Great For A Gypsy Juju Skirt And Table Raiser

COLOR PLATES

NUMBER 1

NUMBER 2

NUMBER 3

NUMBER 4

NUMBER 5

NUMBER 6

NUMBER 7

NUMBER 8

NUMBER 9

NUMBER 10

NUMBER 11

NUMBER 12

NUMBER 13

NUMBER 15

NUMBER 14

NUMBER 17

NUMBER 16

NUMBER 18

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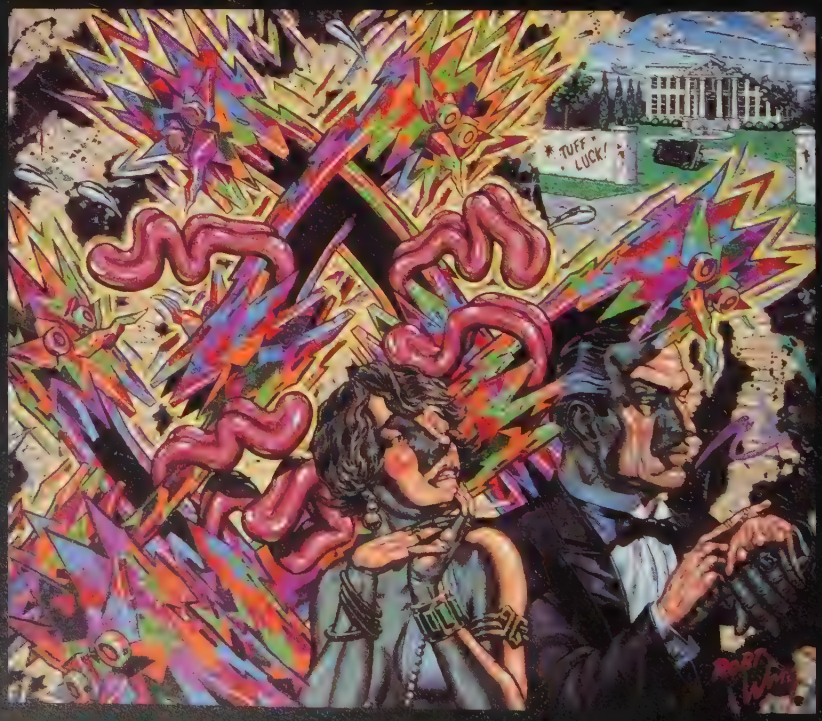
NUMBER 20

NUMBER 21

NUMBER 22



NUMBER 23

NUMBER 24

NUMBER 25

NUMBER 26

NUMBER 27

NUMBER 27
(LARGE PAINTING)

DETAIL

DETAIL

NUMBER 28

NUMBER 29

GRACEMEADOW
HIGH SECURITY
SANITARIUM

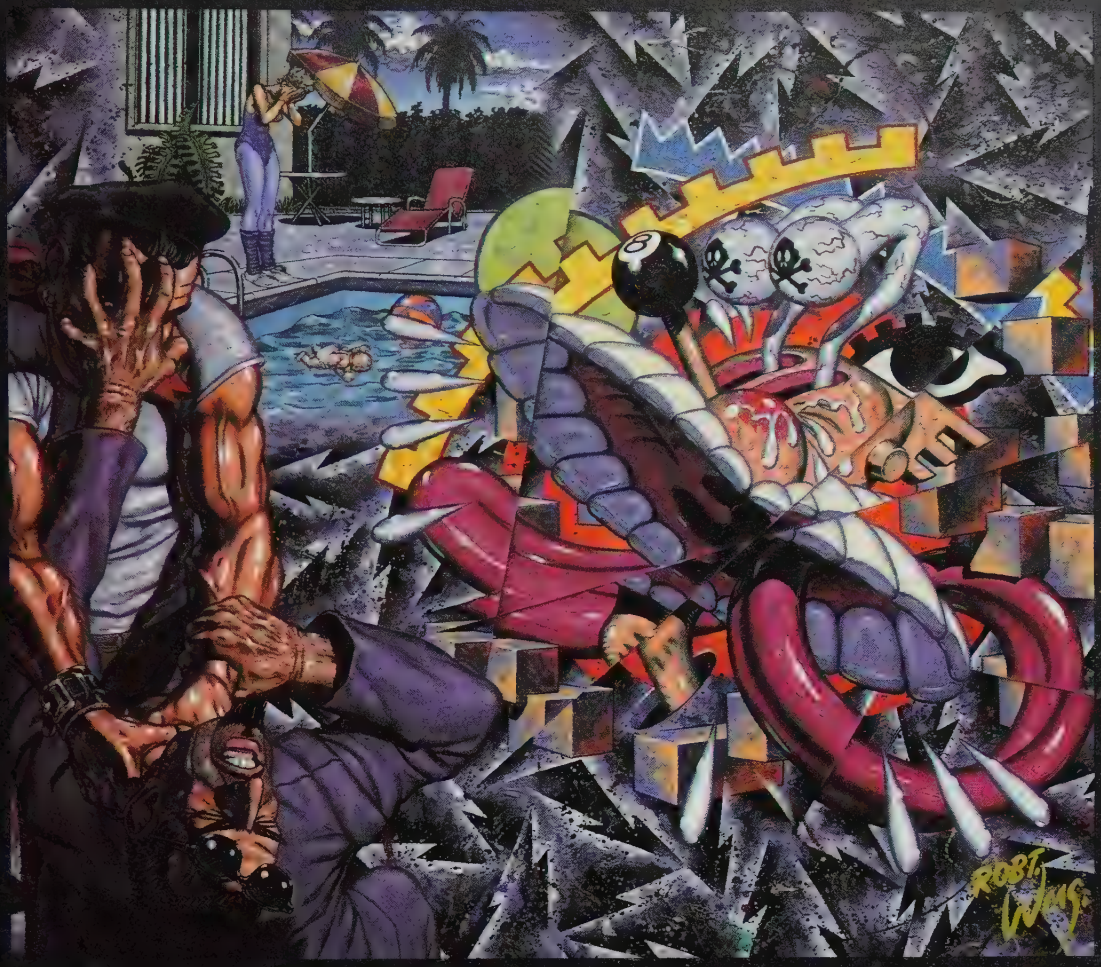
NUMBER 31

NUMBER 30

NUMBER 32

NUMBER 33

NUMBER 34



NUMBER 35

NUMBER 36

NUMBER 37

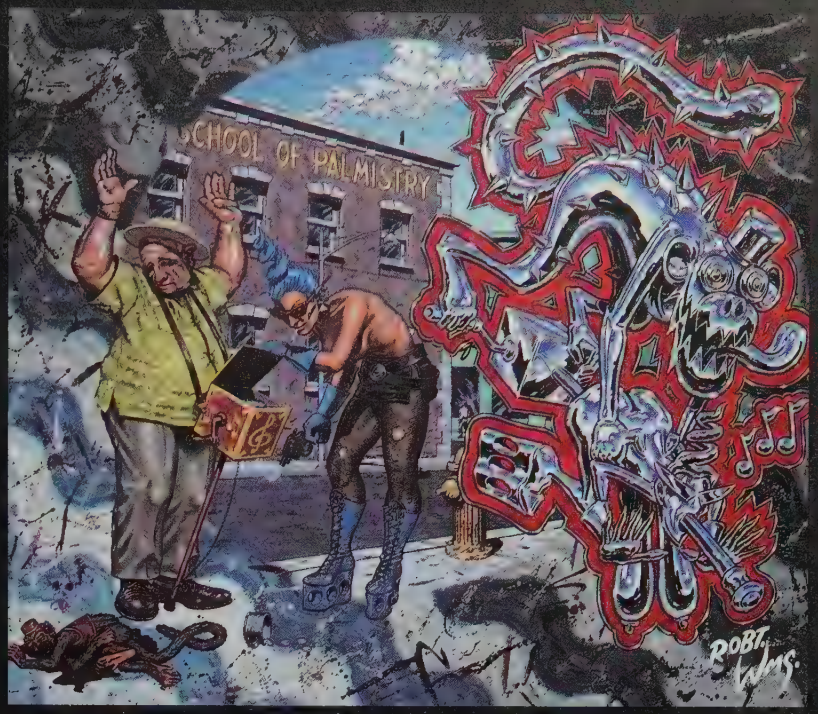
NUMBER 38

NUMBER 39

NUMBER 41

NUMBER 40

NUMBER 42



NUMBER 43

ROBT. WMS.

NUMBER 44

NUMBER 45

NUMBER 46

NUMBER 47

NUMBER 48

NUMBER 49

NUMBER 50

NUMBER 51

NUMBER 52

NUMBER 53

RIO GRANDE AUTO SALVAGE
WE BUY JUNK
SCRAP
PARTS
GLUE
POISON
SELF-INFLICTED
STOP
ROBT. WMS.

NUMBER 54

NUMBER 55

NUMBER 56

NUMBER 57

NUMBER 59

NUMBER 58

ROBT. WINS.

NUMBER 60

DETAIL

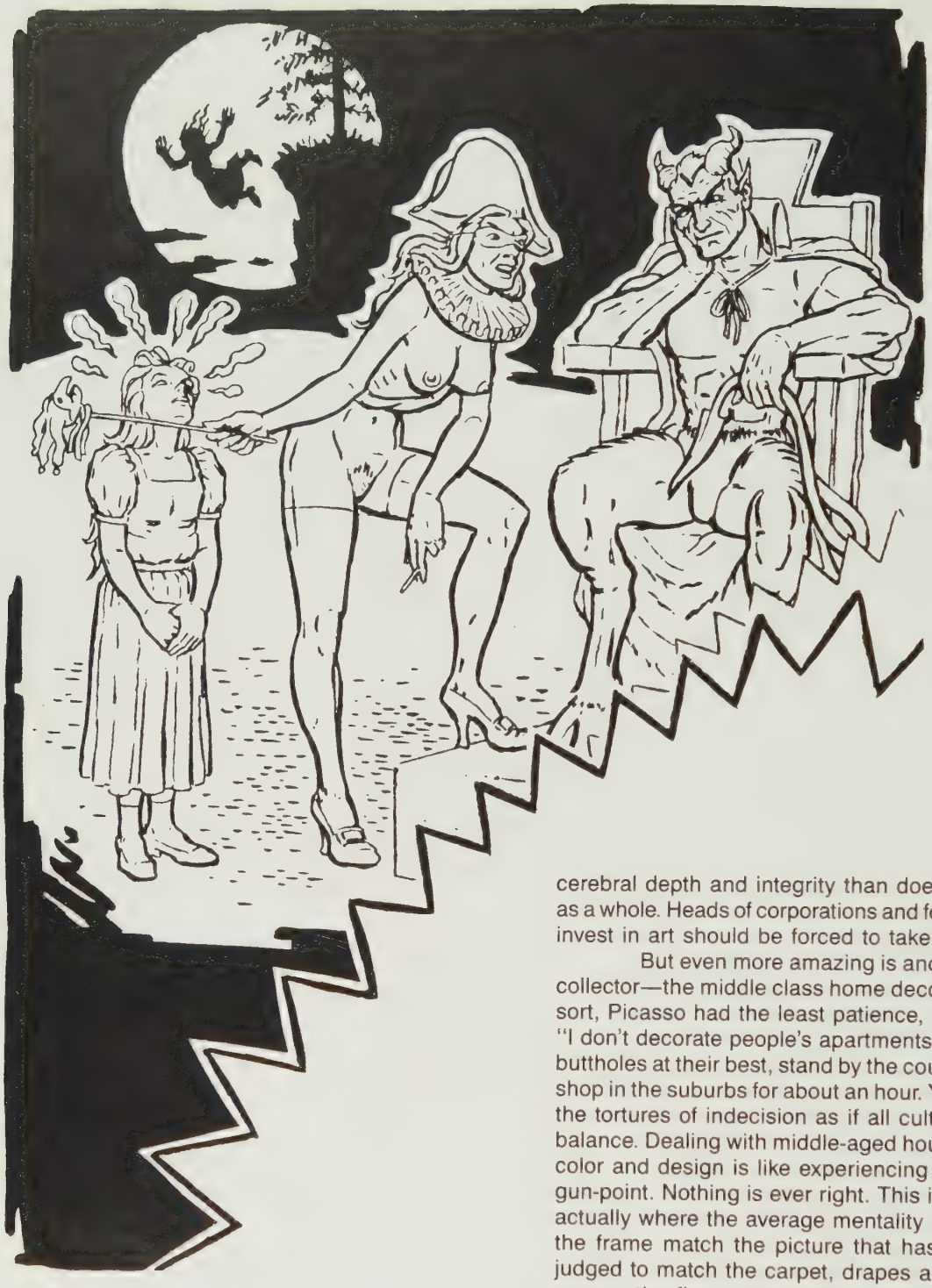
Photo: Giesela Martine Getty

There exists a mood of the times, a distinct style and fashion of "now." We can see it when looking back into the twenties, thirties, and especially the fifties. Each generation leaves us with a haughty and arrogant glimpse of itself. Even more than music and fashion the thing called art exemplifies the social pretensions that we pass through. Art, like religion, must be accepted with total blind faith or the facade of high ideals collapses.

Art in the past 60 years has avoided the obvious appeal to the eye in favor of a more cultivated lean towards intellectual appreciation of texture, volume and size. Art has become bigger, blander and more distant from simple pleasure. The theory of concept overrules art as an object and tends to deny anything that resembles craftsmanship or technical proficiency. We live in an age of cold domineering art that screams of profundity, but says nothing. Anyone who can produce something big, obtrusive, rough and impractical has fulfilled all the requirements needed to become a master artist; consequently, a large segment of the society with little or no skills has joined the ranks of the art world. In the art school of defecation we are all Rembrandts!

But the crime doesn't lie with the artist alone—somebody has to buy this shit. The collector has been the prime problem since the very beginning. If the artist is the "thought transmitter," the collector is the "receiver." The collector makes it possible for the artist to express his "great" message. It is the artist's duty to expand the limits of human thought through his art; but the trouble is that as a "transmitter" the artist can only go as far out as the "receiver" will pick up. The artist can easily outdistance the collector with abstract thought and lose touch with his benefactor. As a consequence, artists have always been encumbered by keeping the art within the mental bounds of the collector, resulting in the basic formula of "keep it simple" becoming the byword of modern art. Hundreds of millions of dollars are cautiously speculated each year on art and people with large sums of money are generally conservative—that's how they got the money. Any kind of art that causes anxieties also causes fear. The more dynamically bland, the safer the investment. Because of this, to many the very word "art" means "boring."

Who are these assholes that dictate what icons we worship? Richard Leakey once said, "All collectors



are psychomaterialists." What I think he meant was that collectors hoard things at the expense of others. But I think, relative to art, that the harm of the collector is that he inflates prices at the expense of others. As mentioned earlier, the power of big buying has reduced the art world to little more than a snob lottery. Even the collecting and hoarding of baseball cards has more cerebral depth and integrity than does the art world as a whole. Heads of corporations and foundations who invest in art should be forced to take L.S.D.!

But even more amazing is another phylum of collector—the middle class home decorator. With this sort, Picasso had the least patience, and once said, "I don't decorate people's apartments." To see these buttholes at their best, stand by the counter of a frame shop in the suburbs for about an hour. You will witness the tortures of indecision as if all culture was in the balance. Dealing with middle-aged housewives about color and design is like experiencing menopause at gun-point. Nothing is ever right. This isn't funny—it's actually where the average mentality resides. "Does the frame match the picture that has already been judged to match the carpet, drapes and couch?" Of course, the first consideration should be that of the content of the picture, and like the big corporation art broker, the housewife bats zero. Almost as big as the international art world is the print world. This is where the home decorator shows her muscle. I say "her" because hubby learned long ago to keep his fucking mouth shut. The art print world is gigantic and pumps out reams of printed crap each day. The decorator collector has only one thought, "What will people think!"

ROB'T WILLIAMS' GRAPHIC INFLUENCES

ACADEMIC ART (MODERN)

GEORGE GROSZ
IVAN ALBRIGHT
YVES TANGUY
SALVADOR DALI
DOROTHEA TANNING
S. SZUKALSKI
MAX BECKMANN
GRANT WOOD
PABLO PICASSO
G. DI CHIRICO

ARE WE THE FLOTSAM WE PERCEIVE?

CARNIVAL MIDWAY ART

FREAK & SIDESHOW BANNERS
1920'S - 60'S

ANONYMOUS ARTISTS

HE-SHE
HALF BOY
SEAL MAN

PSYCHEDELIC ART 1966-70

WES WILSON (1ST. POSTER)
KELLEY & MOUSE
RICK GRIFFIN
VICTOR MOSCOSO

UNDERGROUND COMIX 1967-85

RON COBB (1ST. UG. CARTOONIST)
GILBERT SHELTON
RICK GRIFFIN
S. CLAY WILSON
RORY HAYES (1ST. UG. PRIMITIVE)
ROBERT CRUMB

NU-WAVE PUNK COMIX 1977-85

GARY PANTER (FATHER OF PUNK ART)
GEORGANNE DEEN
SAVAGE PENCIL

ILLUSTRATOR PAINTERS

J.M. FLAGG
N.C. WYETH
M. PARRISH
HOWARD PYLE
CHARLES KNIGHT
FREDERIC REMINGTON
BORIS ARTZYBASHEFF

ACADEMIC ART (EARLY)

DANTE GABRIEL ROSSETTI
J.M.W. TURNER
DELACROIX
GERICAULT
JACQUES LOUIS DAVID
JAN VERMEER
EL GRECO
FRANCOIS BOUCHER
CARAVAGGIO
TITIAN
SANDRO BOTTICELLI
HIERONYMUS BOSCH

MOVIES & TV

EARLY DISNEY & MAX FLEISCHER FILMS
EARLY GERMAN EXPRESSIONIST CINEMA
HORROR FILMS, SERIALS
X RATED & B MOVIES
CAPTAIN VIDEO

COMICBOOK ART 1949-53

WALLACE WOOD
JACK DAVIS
HARVEY KURTZMAN
} E.C. COMICS
BASIL WOLVERTON
CARL BARKS (DONALD DUCK)
C.C. BECK (CAPTAIN MARVEL)

TALES FROM THE CRYPT

EARLIER CARTOONISTS
HEINRICH KLEY 1915
E. 'ZIM' ZIMMERMAN 1910
GEORGE CARLSON 1930'S
CALVO 1940'S

PULP MAGAZINES 1936-54

SI-FI, MYSTERY & FANTASY ART
MARGARET BRUNDAGE
VIRGIL FINLAY
LEE BROWN COYE

QUESTIONABLE ESTHETICS

GIRLY MAGAZINES, TATTOO ART, BIKER ART, SURFER ART, TRENCH (WAR) ART, 8 PAGE BIBLES, SKATEBOARD ART, GANG GRAFFITI, ETC.

HOT ROD & MONSTER T-SHIRT ART 1953-67

VON DUTCH
ED 'NEWT' NEWTON
ED 'BIG DADDY' ROTH
STANLEY MOUSE
PETE MILLIAR

"IF IT COMMANDS ATTENTION IT'S CULTURE, IF IT MATCHES THE COUCH IT'S ART!"

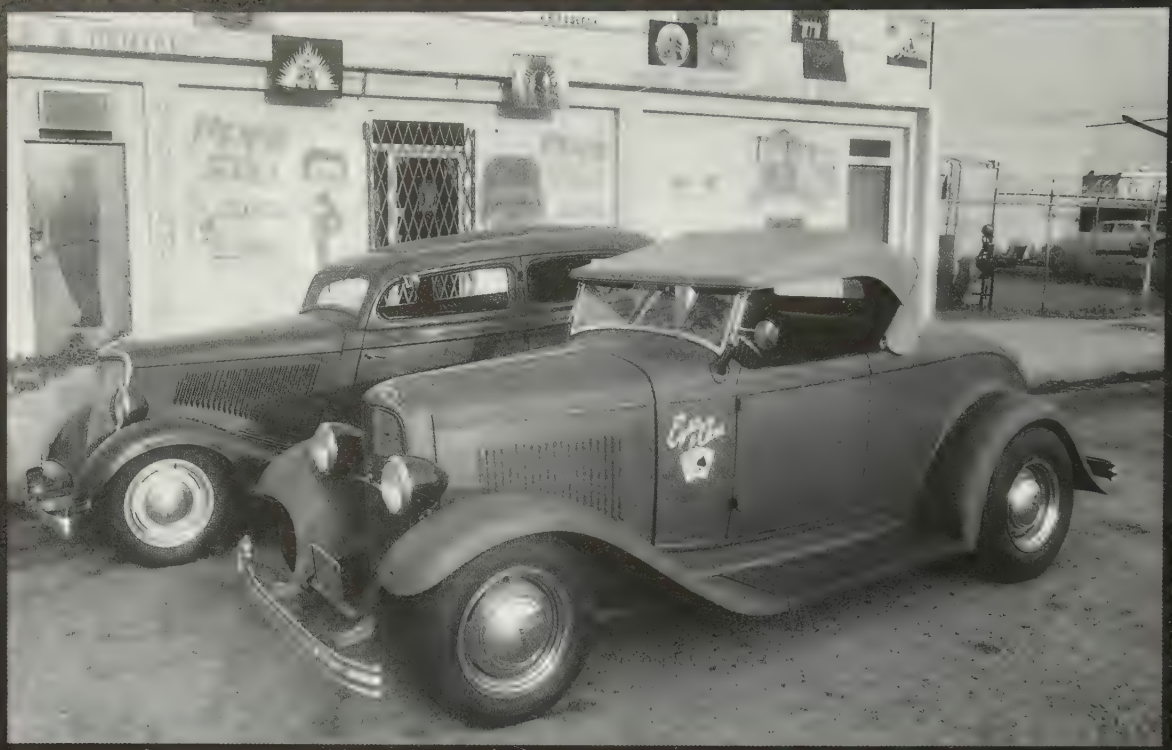


Photo: Pat Ganahl

(Above) Hot rods are lowbrow art. Here Williams exhibits his two junkyard classics, a chopped '34 Ford sedan and a '32 Ford roadster.

(Below) Early Robt. Williams graphic on the side of an old '40 Ford jalopy racer. Circa 1959. Note violent theme!

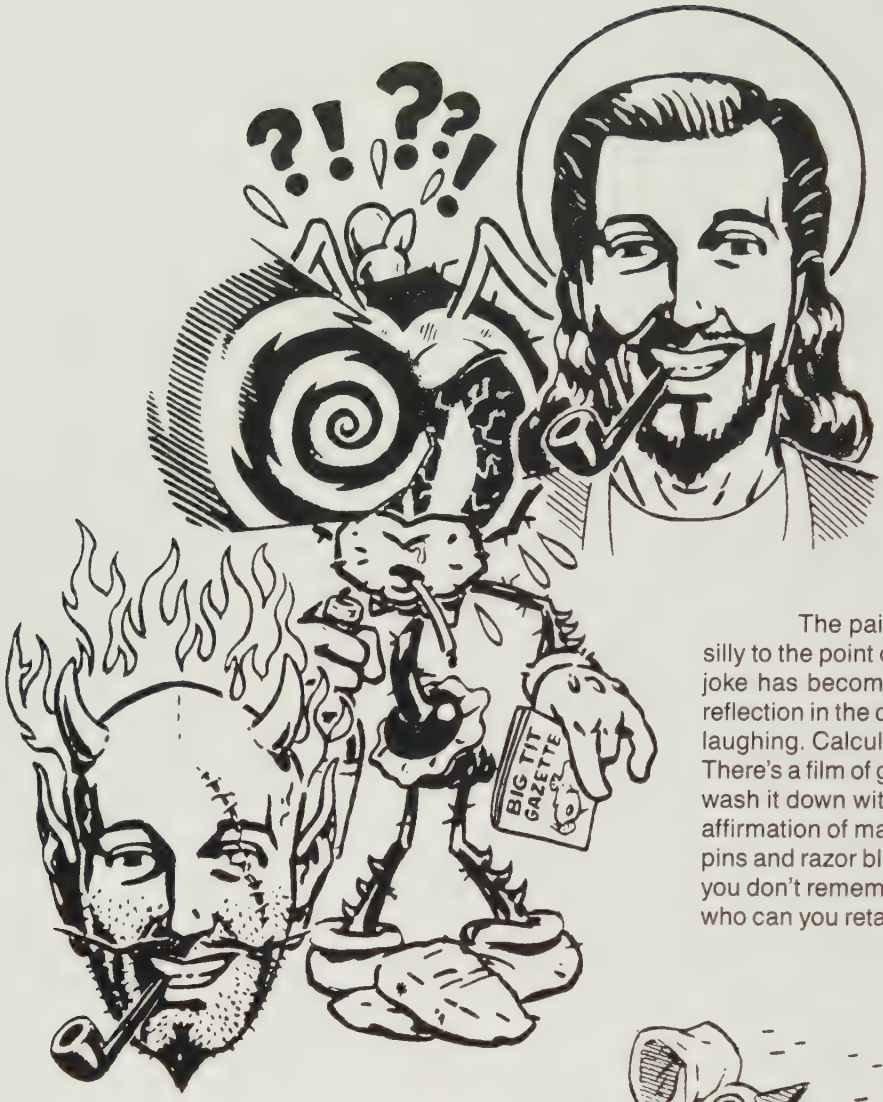
SANGUINARY CARTOON ALPHABET

Most of these characters imply either crime or disfiguration.

But fortunately, a third kind of collector exists and is growing in number. The arcane or pop collector is the entrepreneur who responds to compulsion rather than dictated style. This connoisseur is more subject to fetish, and will pursue and hunt what interests him with little interest of high art. Here the eye and the heart do the buying. If it's stoic and boring it will be avoided; consequently, the artist who appeals to this group must be capable of grabbing and holding his audience. This pop collector is attracted to strong imagery no matter what form: comic books, movie posters, gum cards, tattoos, garish advertising and even real art if it measures up.

Because of the trend in fine art to exclusively dwell in the realm of non-objective abstraction, many of the capable technicians that would have been painters a hundred years ago have resorted to commercial art, illustration, comic book art and movie work. This has brought about a giant following of the so-called lowbrow arts. You are holding in your hands a product born of this very situation. To paint a painting that is tasteless is easy, but to paint a painting that has been painstakingly calculated to arrest your interest is an achievement. "Bad" influences like girly magazines, tattoo art, biker art, surfer and skateboard art, gang graffiti, old pulp magazines, comic books (both over and underground), hot rod and rat fink art, monster, sci-fi, and B-movies—all of this is now challenging the real art world. But among this pop miasma lie real strong cultural foundations. Through the use of cartoon imagery return high technical standards and the reemergence of surrealism. If you examine what has happened to pop music in the last 30 years it is easy to understand that rock n' roll has totally dominated all societies around the world, much like classical music had 40 years ago.

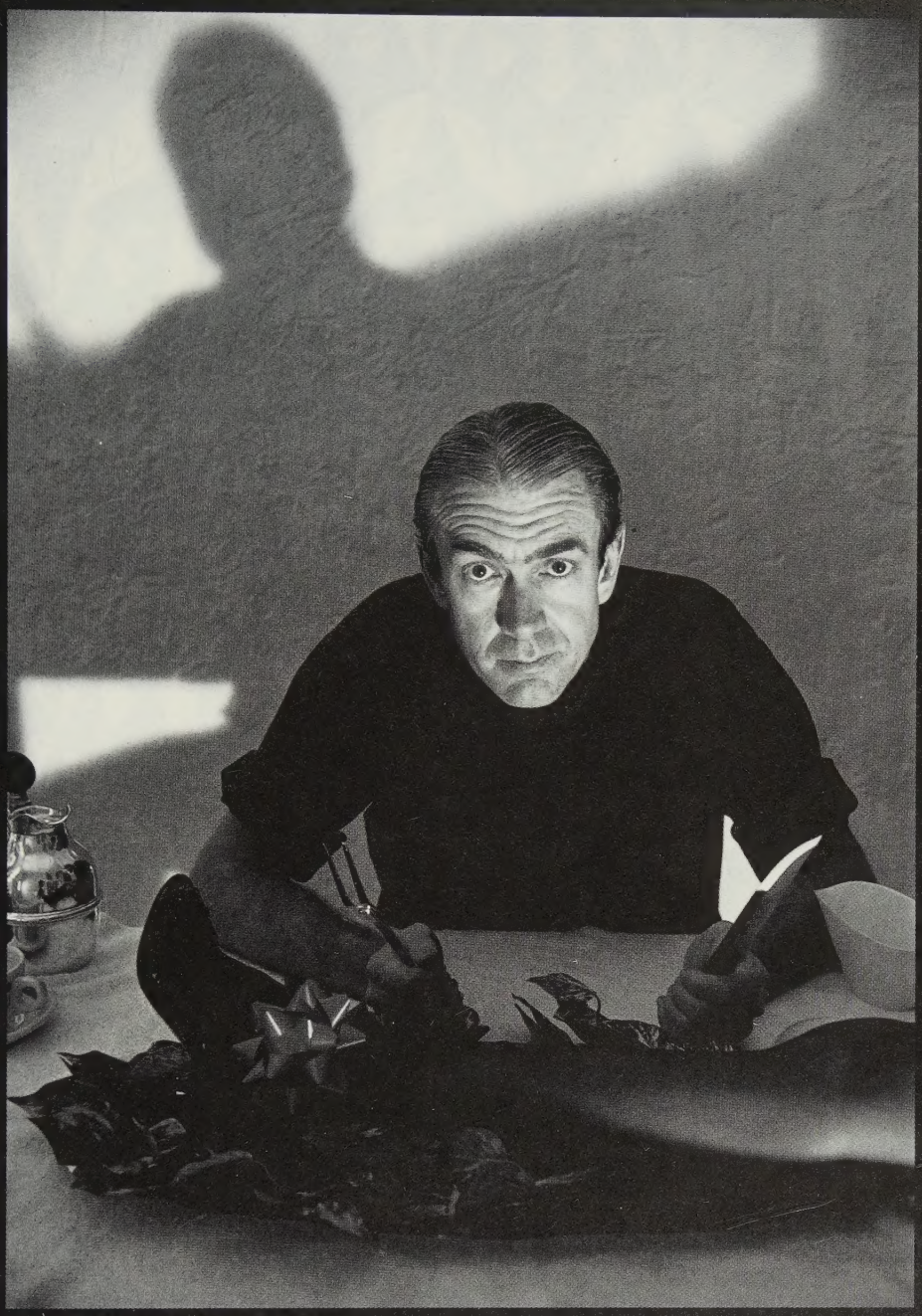
Most importantly about this retrograde art is that new facets of abstraction are developing at a rapid rate. An example: The paintings that appear in this book though rendered in a cartoon style are not humorous. On the contrary, they are overbearingly haunting, much like dark humor. Humor, in reality, is abstract thought. A joke is an exaggerated example of a story that causes a human reaction—sometimes pleasant. Humor is a key indication of intelligence and social background. It seems to have a national characteristic. The English exhibit a dry sarcasm as if saying: "You're an idiot, know your place." The French and Italians exude a warm



The paintings in this book are just like that—silly to the point of atrocity—catastrophically zany. The joke has become the gospel scripture. You see your reflection in the clowns big shiny red nose, but you ain't laughing. Calculated absurdity is becoming a science. There's a film of gonorrhea on your quiche so you better wash it down with penicillin. You have reached for the affirmation of man but you find out that someone's put pins and razor blades in your "trick or treat" candy and you don't remember which house it came from?!? Now who can you retaliate against? Ain't that just like "art"?

charming attitude when expressing humor. Some say that the Germans are humorless but their expression of "wit" is actually "pitfall humor." This means that they get the greatest pleasure out of violent irony like watching an arrogant person get his just-due by falling through ice or tripping face first into the mud. It is also said that the American Indians have no humor at all except for the expression of irony.

Drama on the other hand stands out distinctly from humor—that is until humor is so greatly charged with irony that an abstract thing in itself starts to evolve. An example: When you find out that the funny ol' clown is a child murderer, you quit laughing. Well, you say "that's sick," maybe, but will you ever look at another clown with total trust? The situation has become an abstract parable in your head. Now you have a thought pattern that pretends to be funny, but is actually horrible. What could have almost been humorous is now the gravest form of drama; abstract thought at the expense of your emotions and moral code.



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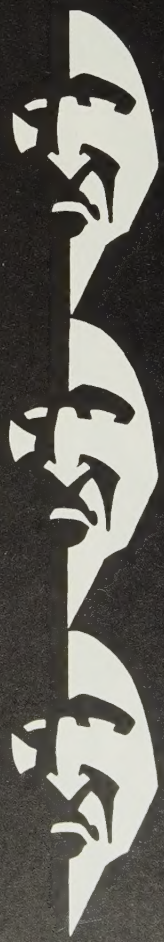

"SO BARBARIC IS THE SENSORY DOMAIN OF THE EYEBALL THAT CURIOSITY SUPERCEDES LOGIC, SIGHT IS MY OPIATE."

—R.W.

$19.95

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